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SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, 1896.

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First National Bank, Somerset, Penna. Capital, \$50,000. Surplus, \$22,000.

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Mrs. A. E. Uhl. NEW SPRING GOODS. New styles in all kinds of goods and lowest prices. A full line of Cashmere and Serges in all qualities.

THE LIEUTENANT'S STORY. BY CELESTE A. DOBBS. It was dismal outside for the rain fell unceasingly, but Mrs. Traynor's dainty drawing room looked the picture of comfort that dreary evening.

LADIES' Dress Skirts and Shirt Waists. Ladies' Spring Capes in Velvet, Silk and Cloth. Ladies' Night Dresses, Corset Covers, Skirts and Chemise.

LARGEST stock of new Millinery Goods. All the latest styles. A large assortment of Lace and Button Guaranteed Kid Gloves.

For your Protection. We positively state that this Catarrh Cure does not contain mercury or any other injurious drug.

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They then into the boat, and rowing rapidly to the ship, where ready hands helped to care for the sufferers. It was not long before the surgeon had done his part.

"I shall tell you a story that is a mixture of adventure, in which fire, water, love and jealousy all figure prominently. No, Miss Cora it is not one of my own love affairs; only wish that it were; but our lieutenant commander, Clayton Ried, is the hero of this tale, and as he modestly objects to talking of the matter as an act of bravado, I, for one, shall tell his story, although his reward was so great we all felt that he was paid for the pain he suffered in doing that which the rest of us were afraid to undertake.

"I had a good chance to admire the little beauty as she stood talking to her preserver, her every move one of unconscious grace, and her dark, earnest eyes playing havoc with him, both of them apparently unaware of the fact that the rest of us existed, until at last she turned and said: 'You have all been very kind to us. We are very grateful, believe me.'

"As for Ried, he was actually blushing like a school boy, and had an expression in his eyes that we had not seen there before. We began to think that the commander was not quite so devoid of feeling as we had supposed, and that he possessed some of the same weaknesses the rest of us confessed to. At any rate he had the inside track, and we were all more or less jealous of him, for the little Princess, as we called her, never wavered in her allegiance to her hero from that hour.

"When the captain presented us each formally, he tearfully looked at her, and she, in return, looked at him with a glance she seemed to understand, for a ray like mine came into her cheeks that told its own story.

"She and her father stayed with us until he was perfectly well, and it was a sad day when we had to part from our 'little Princess,' who had been a jolly little tyrant, I assure you. We were all her most obedient slaves, but our efforts to do Ried out were fruitless, as she considered us only secondary considerations.

"I never saw a fellow change as Commander Ried did at that short time. He was full of fun and the very essence of gallantry, outwitting us in everything from tender sentiment to the brilliant repartee for which he became famous. The captain told us that he had always been like that, until the three years past, when, without giving any reason for it, he had become the distant, cynical fellow we had found him.

"The Princess used to insist upon helping the surgeon dress his burned hands every day, and she was his devoted nurse until he was nearly well, then she turned the life nearly over to him by flirting outrageously with the rest of us; I confess to having been one of the victims myself, and had her quite a sharp wound from 'quarter,' but the little rascal only laughed at me when I told her so. Ried used to look savage when she made eyes at any of us, and I think she dearly loved to torment him, although they invariably made up after the fashion of all lovers.

"Where is he now?" asked Mrs. Traynor, in a voice unlike her own. Bob turned quickly to look at her, as the freight flashed brightly for an instant, showing the pale, set face, with eyes so full of jealous pain, they betrayed the secret she had so bravely and successfully hidden that no one had ever thought the life she was leading was not the fullest happiness she had known. He remembered then the faint whisper of how she had been

REMINISCENCES.

One of your correspondents flatters the writer beyond his deserts in a recent paper, and he asks for the balance of a song; the writer is sorry to say he cannot furnish it, although he distinctly remembers, when a boy, hearing the wagners sing that or some other song. No joller set of men ever lived than these same wagners, and no set of men ever had kinder hearts or more charitable dispositions, or were more ready to do anyone a favor, at any time, than they. Of course among so many, an exception was occasionally made, and only rarely anything to come across a man who drove a big team of horses in a big wagon, who had not a correspondingly big heart. They were bluff and brusque in manner, cheerful, kind and accommodating as a rule. We often read how 'the army served in Flanders,' and sometimes the volubility and vehemence, and variety of the observations of the old wagners would put a Flanders army, or any other, for that matter, to shame, when the old wagners would stick fast in the mud on a wet rainy day, or in snow banks on a cold one. Still the oaths were necessary, as they seemed to think, and the horses were constantly under greater exertions when their drivers were them, that 'wags polle' was not so often uttered. The life of an old wagner was not all the time cheerful one, nor was his path-way always strewn with roses. Long days in rain and snow, sleet and ice, and nights of lanky darkness and gloom, often fell to his lot, but, in the old-time bar-rooms, when his team had been fed and attended to for the night, and his stomach filled with the stumptuous supper furnished by the landlord, and the cockles of his heart warmed by a portion of the pure liquor kept in the well-stocked bar, he forgot his exposures and hardships, in his huge enjoyment of the occasion, and it was his his song, rang out clear and strong. If your correspondent had made inquiry about some of the old games the boys used to play forty or fifty years ago, the writer might have been able to give him some information. The games the boys play now, seem to me indeed compared with those of old days. In the way of ball-playing we had three different kinds. The most enjoyable to the writer was 'Corner' or 'Sock-ball,' called sometimes 'mush-pot.' At the old Newbury School-house four trees stood, at convenient distances apart, forming the angles of a square, and no grass ever grew in that square. The game was played by eight boys, four on a side, with two of the best players for captains, who, after one of them had thrown up a paddle or piece of board, upon which he had spit, crying out 'Wet or dry,' for the first choice, proceeded to choose of the remainder of the boys, and 'wet or dry,' as the case might be, they were chosen one by one until the 'sides' were completed. Then 'wet or dry' came into play again for 'corners,' the successful chooser with his men taking the trees or 'corners,' the others going in the square, or 'mush-pot.' The ball was then tossed to the boys on the corners until one of them caught it, when it was said to be 'hot.' The ball was thrown with much swiftness and force, and if one of the boys on a corner failed to catch it, it had to go around again until all had caught it; after it was 'hot' the objective point was the anatomy of some boy in the 'mush-pot,' while they all tried to dodge so that they would not be hit. When one was hit with the ball he was out, and if any of the four on the corners missed a boy in the 'mush-pot,' he was out. If all the boys stayed on the corners until those in the 'mush-pot' were all hit and out, they had the 'mush-pot' boys were all out, the corner boys had the corners for another game, and likewise, if one or more boys remained in the 'mush-pot' after the corner boys were all out, they had the corners, and so on. Frequently the corner boys would all get out but one, and he would have fun chasing the other boys around the square, feinting on each corner with the ball, for he could only throw the ball from a corner, and often being an expert, he would hit all four, if so many remained, thus saving the corners for his side. The writer has often seen one boy on the corners, and one in the 'mush-pot' when a trial of skill and activity would take place, beautiful to see, each trying his best, the one to hit, and the other to dodge the ball, and, as one threw would decide the contest, great dexterity prevailed. Another game of ball was called 'anti-over,' played by two sides of equal numbers, any number that was convenient on a side. In this game there were two captains also, and the paddle or board was thrown up with 'wet or dry' to choose sides. They would arrange themselves on each side of the school house, and throw the ball from one side to the other, crying 'anti-over,' the boys on the opposite side would try to catch it. After the ball had been caught at least one on each side, it was hot, and the boys, crying 'anti-over,' divided into two squads, rushing around the house in different directions. The boys on the opposite would stand with open eyes and mouths waiting for the ball to come over, when the others would charge down on them pell-mell. There would be a 'settlement' then, for they had no means of knowing which squad had the ball. The boy who had caught the ball would hit one of the others if possible, in which case that boy had to come over to his side. If he missed he had to go over to the other side. Many accusations of treachery would be made. The game would go on until one or the other side was all gobbled up. Sometimes, however, there would be a great many changes from side to side before this

No Humor For Him.

The train boy was passing along with a stack of comic literature. The kind-faced gentleman looked interested and the boy stopped, the Detroit Free Press says: 'Haven't you anything except funny literature?' he asked. 'Not this trip,' was the answer. 'Don't you go to laugh. I'm afraid my mind is of too practical a turn to develop what you might call a delicate responsiveness of humor.' 'You want facts?' 'You want facts? When I was a young man and went courting the young lady never went over to see me unless I could pay for my outfit. I did use the palmy 'subterfuges' to get me into the vicinity of an ice cream parlor. Although I was not enjoying a large income her father never threatened to kick me down the front doorstep, nor did he keep a bulldog where he would be likely to bite me. My mother-in-law is a most estimable lady, whose presence in our household has always been a joy, and never in my life have I been obliged to get up in the night and walk the floor with a crying baby. These circumstances have had a tendency to make me distrust the accuracy of humorists, thereby, no doubt, materially lessening my appreciation of their efforts.'

Water Three Dollars a Quart.

In speaking of the Papago Indians, Mr. McGeer said: 'They inhabit a country of broad plains, with mountain ranges between. The mountains are remarkably rugged and rise sharply from the plains. All over the plain live the Indians. The country is one of the most arid regions on the face of the globe, a whole year passing sometimes without a drop of rain. Geologically, it is a curious place. The streams rise in the mountains, but never reach the sea, and the debris carried by the rivers, instead of finding its way to the ocean, is spread upon the plains, the rivers drying up before they reach the sea. Semland, in the State of Sonora, was never seen by a white man until about two years ago, when the Bureau of Ethnology sent out an expedition to explore that region. The natives are constantly migrating westward, from day to day to week, month to month, year to year, expecting and dreading the approach of an enemy. They were always prepared for any emergency. The death of water was the greatest obstacle to the exploration. Every drop we used was carried from twelve to fifteen miles by men under heavy guard, and often by means of valuable tools, and often we measured it out in spoonfuls. In counting the dangers and labor of securing water we estimated its worth at from \$1 to \$4 a quart.' -Baltimore American.

As to Women.

A woman can keep some secrets. You can find out what her bonnet cost but not her age. A woman never seems to know she has stepped backward off a street car and still lives. A woman is almost divine in her capacity for forgiveness—towards persons of the other sex. A woman will stuff her fingers in her ears when a firecracker goes off, and fear death with the utmost composure. A woman is made ill in no other way so quickly as by wearing an unbecomingly gown. A woman is a hero by the mere fact of her sex; fortunately for the rest of the world, she doesn't usually know it. A woman is capable of sublime sacrifices of self in great matters, and of supreme selfishness in little ones. A woman may wear a catalogue of faults as long as a milliner's bill, but, bless her, she's the best thing on earth. -New York Recorder. The secret of happiness, 'Keep your liver right.' Burdock Blood Purifiers is nature's remedy for complaints of the liver or bowels. There is a street in Liverpool in which nearly every house is occupied by a dentist.